Suum Cuique;

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N. 1106

When Lawless Men their Neighbors dispossess,
The Tennants they extirpate, or oppress;
And make rude havock in the fruitful Soil,
Which the Right Owners Prun'd with careful toil:
The same in Kingdoms does proportion hold,
A new Prince breaks the Fences of the old;
And will o're Carcases and Deserts Reign,
Unless the Land its Lawful Lord regain:
He gripes the faithless owners of the place,
And buys a Forreign Army to deface
The fear'd and hated Remnant of their Race:
He starves their Forces, and obstructs their Trade,
Vast summs are given, yet no Native paid:
The Church it self he labours to assail,
And keeps fit Tools to break the Sacred Pale.
Of these let him the guilty Roll commence,
Who has betray'd a Master and a Prince;
A Man Seditious, lewd and impudent,
An Enemie always mischievously bent;
Whose wide Soul all the Bonds of Duty swerves,
No Tye can hold, but that which he deserves,
An Author dwindl'd to a Pamphleteer,
Skilfull to Forge, and always unsincere,
Careless exploded Practices to mend,
Bold to attack, yet feeble to defend:
Fates blindfold Reign the Atheist lowdly owns,
And Providence Blasphemously dethrones.
In vain the Veering Actor strains his Tongue,
To Cheat [illegible]th Tears and empty noise, the throng,
Since all Men know what e're he says or writes,
Revenge, or stronger Interest, indites;
And that the Wretch employs his venal Wit,
How to confute what formerly he writ.
Next him the grave Socinian claims a place,
Indu'd with Reason, tho' bereft of Grace,
A Preaching-Pagan of surpassing Fame,
To Register Records his borrow'd-Name:
Oh! had the Child more happily been bred,
A Radish Mitre would have grac'd his Head,
But now, at the most he should expect,
Is to be ev'n'd of *T*—— *F*——'s Sect.
To him succeeds, with look demurely sad,
A Gloomy Soul, with Revelation mad;
False to his friends, and careless of his Word,
A Dreaming Prophet, and a griping Lord:
He sells the Livings which he can't possess,
And Farms that Sinecure his Diocess,
Unthinking Man! to quit thy barren See,
And vain endeavours in Chronology,
For the more fruitless care of Royal Charity:
Thy hoary Noddle warns thee to return,
The Treason of old-Age in Wales to mourn;
Nor think the City-Poor will loss sustain,
Thy place may well be vacant in this Reign.
I shou'd admit the Booted-Prelate now,
But he is even for Lampoon too low,
The scumm and out-cast of a Loyal Race,
The Nations Grievance, and the Gowns Disgrace;
None so unlearn'd did e're at *L*—— sit,
This Driv'ler does the Sacred Chair beshit:
I need not brand the Spiritual Parricide,
Nor draw the Weapon dangling at his side;
Th'astonisht World remembers that offence,
And knows he stole the Daughter of his Prince:
'Tis time enough, in some succeeding Age,
To bring this Mitr'd Captain on the Stage.
These are the Leaders in Apostacy,
The wild Reformers of the Liturgy,
And the Blind Guides of poor Elective Majesty,
A thing which Common-wealths-men did devise,
Till Plots were ripe, to catch the Peoples Eyes.
There was a Monster in a Quagmire born,
Of all the Native-Brutes the grief and scorn,
With a big Snout cast in a crooked Mould,
Which runs with Glanders and an inborn-Cold;
His substance is of clammy Snot and Phlegm,
Sleep is his Essence, and his Life a Dream;
To Capreæ the Tiberius does retire,
To quench with W—— or Catamite no Fire,
Dear Catamite, who rules alone the State,
While Monarch dozes on his unpropt height,
Silent, yet thoughtless and secure of Fate.
O could you see the fulsome Hero led,
By loathing Vassals to his noble Bed,
In Flannen Robes the coughing Ghost does walk,
And his Mouth-Mutes like cleaner Breech of Hawk,
Corruption springing from his canker'd Brealt,
Farrs up the Channel and disturbs his rest;
With head propt up, the bolster'd Engine lies,
If Pillow slip aside the Monarch Dyes.

FINIS.